

# AMERICAN PENNY MAGAZINE,

AND

## FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

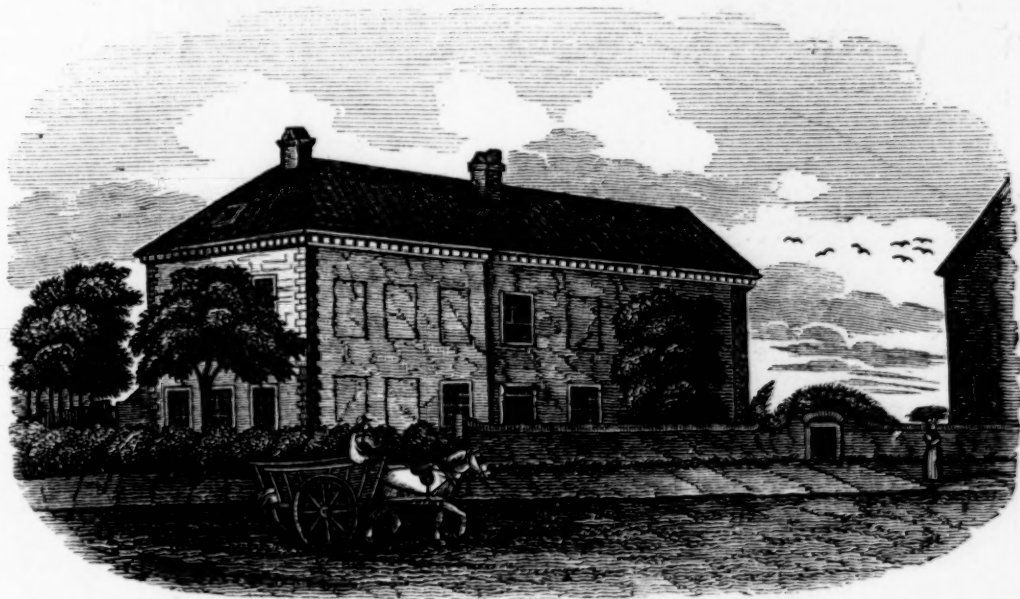
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PARSONAGE OF EPWORTH, ENGLAND,

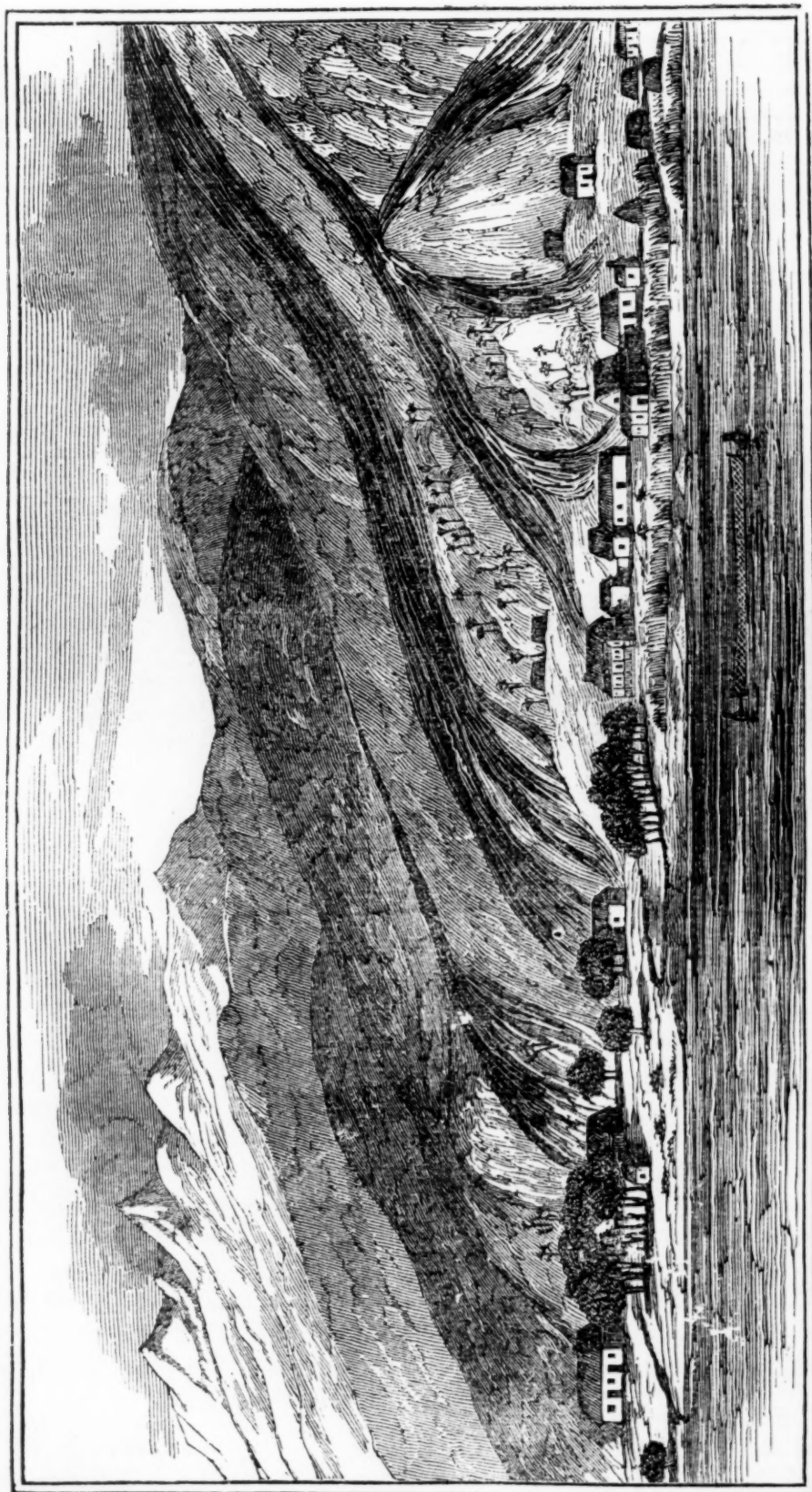
*The Native Town of the Wesleys.*

Whoever can regard the Wesleys, or the Wesleyans, without a feeling of respect and love, must have lived out of the sphere of their good principles and their good works. He must have been unacquainted with Methodists, or have known only those who either obscured the great doctrines of their founders, or violated them in practice. If there be among our readers who can look with indifference on the simple habitation of the Wesleys, we will venture to say, that they cannot have set side by side with men of their society in an Union Sabbath-school, or engaged with them in any of the other philanthropic enterprizes of our day.

The only good and proper way, perhaps, in cases in which it is possible, to form a decided opinion of the merits of any Christian denomination, is not to stop at an examination of their doctrines, or the reading of their plans or principles, but to meet

them in the open field of Christian labor; and, after trying our strength with theirs for a sufficient time, and bringing our zeal, self-denial and perseverance into comparison with theirs, sit down and deliberate by ourselves, whether, and in which of our former views we have become confirmed by that experience, and what correction, hint or new views we may derive from their example. Happy it is for this country, that many of its best inhabitants have been for years engaged in such coöperation. The good effects we may discover on every hand, even if we are not so happy as to feel and enjoy them within our own breasts, or to exhibit them in our lives.

Union, Christian union, must be the inscription on the banner of America; and well may we pray for the success of those who are endeavoring already to raise that banner for the world.—*See Vol. I. p. 17.*



KALUAAHA,

*In the Sandwich Islands.*



## SANDWICH ISLANDS.

Molokai is a little island near the centre of the Hawaiian group. Twenty years ago the inhabitants were all heathen; and sometimes murdered their infant children. They lived like the brutes. Much of their conduct was too shameful to be described. It is only twelve years since a missionary, (Mr. Hitchcock,) settled on the island. Before that time they had only heard a sermon occasionally from a passing missionary, or on their visits at Maui, a neighboring island. Now there are over six hundred church members, many of whom appear to be truly pious. They have built a strong and neat stone meeting-house; one hundred feet by forty-five, with a gallery that will contain two hundred persons. The floor is the earth made smooth and hard, and is covered with strong clean mats. And the house is nearly filled with comfortable settees, which the people have made for themselves. On the Sabbath it is usually filled.

Some months ago, there was an examination of most of the schools on the island.—The day after the examination, according to a notice previously given, the children assembled, and many of their parents with them, to organize a juvenile temperance society. The church was crowded. We had seven short addresses, (five of them from natives,) and four temperance songs, in which many of the children united; and I have seldom heard sweeter music than some of these children made.

The parents knew how to make strong drink out of the juice of sweet potatoes, sugar-cane and various kinds of roots.—And although this is now forbidden by their laws, yet as many of them were once drunkards, perhaps some of them make it still secretly, and offer it to their children. Moreover, many of them go off to Lahaina, where many ships come, (sometimes forty at once,) chiefly American; and some of them bring these deadly poisons and try to sell them to the natives. There too they find many beer shops. Since the meeting, there has been another held in a different part of the island; and now nearly all the children and youth from four years old to eighteen,—about one thousand,—have joined the society.

More than two hundred of them belong to the station school, near our residence, which I daily superintend. In the morning after reading a portion of the New Testament and prayer, those who can read, recite a verse of Scripture. In the afternoon the

school is opened by singing a hymn, and prayer; and many little ones who cannot read, join in singing. And their voices are so sweet, and they sing so well, that I am often delighted by hearing them, and reminded of those beautiful words, "The desert shall rejoice," "even with joy and singing." There are also more than four hundred of this army who belong to a Sabbath school which I superintend. In the morning they assemble an hour before public worship; and, after prayer and singing, they recite the verses and hymns learned through the week, and hear the Scripture, which they have recited, explained to them; then, after a short recess, they go to church, where they again unite in singing the songs of Zion.—*Letter from P. J. Gulick in the Dayspring.*

"Most of those who attend the school," says Mr. Hitchcock, "have during the past year, been in the habit of contributing, for benevolent purposes, *one stick of wood each per month.* And I can assure you it is no uninteresting sight to see men, women, and sometimes children, bringing their humble offerings on their shoulders from the distance of one, two or more miles. The men go into the mountains, and get the sticks, both for themselves and their wives; but the latter bring and present their own. Though the people are superlatively poor, yet their contributions for one year in this way will amount to not far from twenty dollars."

*The Circumplar.*—This is the name of a new machine for cutting down trees, &c. It can be fixed, it is said, in a minute and a half, and will cut through a tree at the rate of three inches per minute, without causing the waste the woodman makes with his axe, leaving a groove of only one and a half inches around the tree. It is applicable for other purposes, such as the cutting of stone or iron, for cutting iron piping any size, or in any position, likewise for turning the mouldings of columns.

A boy about twelve years of age, met with a singular, and probably fatal accident, on Boston Common on Wednesday last. He was playing with a bow and arrows, and having shot an arrow, with a heavy steel barb, perpendicularly in the air, it descended and hit him upon the head with such force that it penetrated his cap and sunk deeply into his skull. The arrow was drawn out by the force of a lever, and the little fellow is so badly injured that he is not expected to recover.—*Boston paper.*

### SKETCHES IN OHIO.

*From the Cincinnati Daily Gazette.*

What could be more strange, than that in a little jaunt into the interior of our State, I should have encountered a person who, twenty-nine years ago, threaded the same thoroughfare, then little more than a dim wagon track, on horseback, bound for Mississippi, where he has lived ever since, this being the first time he has re-traced his steps to Pennsylvania—the State from which, the same year and the same season of the year, I myself came to Ohio, though by a different channel.

In 1816, the person to whom I allude, passed directly through the southern part of the State, on horseback, from Wheeling—threading intermediate forests, laboring through extensive morasses, and meeting only here and there, at such spots as Zanesville and Chillicothe, with anything beyond the wilderness and its natural inhabitants, the prairies and their wild rovers—with occasional farms in a rude state of cultivation, “deadening” here and there that diversified the landscape, in the midst or on their edges smoke curling aloft from the cabin of the settler, or the wagon-camp of the emigrant. Only twenty-nine years had passed, but the heavy forests had disappeared, the wagon-track had been changed to a Macadamized road, huts and hamlets had given place to flourishing towns, the little villages of that day were the enterprising young cities of this, and what was then the naked prairie and the dense wilderness, were now some of the garden spots of a great State. The feelings of my new acquaintance were quite overwhelming, and he would remain for half an hour at a time, gazing out of the coach upon the highly cultivated region through which we were passing, without uttering a word.

Hillsborough is a beautiful place—beautifully located, and elegantly built up, numbering at this time only about 1,000 inhabitants. It is, however, the seat of elegance and refinement, and is destined to be that of learning. It has a fine Female Academy in it, pupils being sent from Cincinnati and places still more distant; and a handsome large brick building for a Male High School, which numbers nearly one hundred students.

The ride from Hillsborough to Chillicothe, is in great part over the bottom lands of Paint creek, famous for their great corn, and memorable for their Indian Mounds and other vestiges of a long-lost race.

The Old Metropolis impresses me most favorably. It has a population of about 6,000 persons, and has some marks of taste beyond any, but one or two interior towns, in the State. The building used for the sittings of the Courts is the old State House, in which our State Constitution was adopted, and our earlier laws enacted. It is a very substantial building, as was the race by whom it was put

up,—that of the Pioneers,—and if let alone will much outstand the last survivor of them.

Several of the principal towns on the Miami canal are rejoicing in their “hydraulic works.”—Chillicothe can also boast of hers. Not far from these is, perhaps, the largest and best slaughter-house in the United States, not even excepting those of Porkopolis; and “a murderous bloody business” is to be carried on within its walls the coming season, among the swinish multitudes of the Scioto Valley.

Chillicothe is very beautifully situated, within an amphitheatre of hills hardly second to those of the Queen City. And there is so fine a rural taste among its inhabitants, that, standing on one of these eminences, the houses of the town can barely be seen through the tops of the numerous trees that rise from the streets and the yards. Entire squares, and a good many of them, are paved with admirable sandstone from the surrounding hills, quarried in large blocks and squared. But when I asked for her library, it had failed, and the books been suffered to go to auction;—her historical society, it had died of syncope;—her literary associations, her reading room, her higher institutions of learning, they were not to be found.

The extent of fine farms, however,—500, 800, and 1000 acres in a single one,—is the greatest check to the growth of the town that could be imposed upon it.

I find this region rich, even beyond expectation, in remains of the lost race of Aborigines. Within a circle extending not more than six miles around Chillicothe, these remains can be counted by hundreds. Some of the “fortifications” or “walled towns” are of great extent, containing as many as ten to fifteen large mounds within a single enclosure. A number have recently been surveyed and plotted by two or three public-spirited gentlemen here, whose names will be honorably mentioned hereafter in connection with the Antiquities of the West. The same gentlemen have also opened some of the most remarkable of the mounds, and been rewarded for their labor by procuring large numbers of antiquities, several of them rarer than any I have heretofore seen. The most singular of them are made of a very hard and heavy stone, such as is not found anywhere in this region, nor in the Mississippi valley, so far as I am informed, and wrought into mathematical forms of exquisite finish, with an art now lost. Some of these have been found at the bottoms of the mounds, on the line of the surface of the adjacent plain, encased in copper, mingled in with skeletons, some of which bear upon their skulls the marks of sanguinary conflict.

I have little doubt, from the recent discoveries, that this immediate region is richer in Indian Antiquities than any that has yet been explored. Some of the remains to which I have referred, are beautifully carved, and others have doubtless been used as imple-



ments of manufacture. The indications are strong, that the present inhabitants of this central part of the Scioto Valley.

"Are but a handful to the tribes that sleep  
Beneath its surface."

PROBUS.

#### ARACEÆ.

THE ARUM TRIBE, No. 20. *Symplocarpus fœtidus*—Skunk Cabbage. *Place.* America. *Quality.* Fœtid. *Power.* Nervine, acrid. *Use.* Drowsy, spasms, rheumatism.

BOTANICAL ANALYSIS.—*Natural Order.*—Araceæ. Aroideæ.—J. Piperitæ.—L.—Class IV. Tetrandria. *Order.*—Monogynia.

#### *Natural History of the Skunk Cabbage.*

*SYMPLOCARPUS FÆTIDUS* is a common plant, growing in swamps, meadows and ditches, renowned for its odor, which is scarcely less offensive than that of the animal whose name it bears. It is remarkably volatile, and cannot be retained by any menstruum. The plant is exclusively a native of North America, and delights in shade. It seldom appears sporadically, and where found at all, it is generally in abundance. An extremely humid and rich soil appears necessary to its luxuriant growth.

The plant is subaquatic, flowering and leafing from the root, which consists of a vast number of verticillate cylindrical thick fibres, many of which are near a fourth of an inch in diameter. They diverge from their point of cincture, and penetrate the earth or mire to the depth of two feet, and sometimes more. The fibres are whitish, colored with brownish-red rings.

The flowers appear before the leaves, or at least when these make their appearance they are closely convoluted. The leaves are preceded by colored sheathing stipules, and about the end of April, or beginning of May, are fully developed, when they are very large. They are commonly twelve, fifteen and eighteen inches long, and nine or ten broad; they are sometimes seen in favorable situations, more than two feet long, and twelve inches broad. They are oblong, ovate, heart-shaped, at the base smooth, strongly veined, and have a large succulent middle rib projecting below.

The flowers are concealed in a singular, spongy, ovoid spade, acuminate and depressed, obliquely at the apex, and auriculated at the base. These spathes have the appearance, and are not unaptly compared to some kinds of shells. Upon opening them the flowers are found situated upon a globose pedunculated spadix. They are destitute of petals, have a four-parted calyx divided at the base. Segments hooded, flattened and notched at the apex. There are four stamens situated opposite to the divisions of the calyx, having flat, awl-shaped filaments, with short oblong anthers. The style is thick, and four-sided, stigma shorter than the stamens. The

seeds are numerous, large, naked, irregularly roundish, and speckled with purple and yellow; they are immersed in a large spongy receptacle near to the surface.

#### *Chemical and Medical Properties.*

Every part of this curious plant, even the seeds, is strongly imbued with the peculiar alliaceous odor, which has given rise to the vulgar name expressive of the obnoxiousness of the plant. The odor emanating from the broken spathe and the bruised seeds resembles the smell of *asafœtida*. The leaves have, perhaps, a more disagreeable smell than any other part of the plant. Their odor has been compared to that thrown off by the skunk, or pole-cat, and like that, it may be perceived at a considerable distance.

The smell from the spathe and flowers is pungent and very subtle. The pungency is probably concentrated and increased by being shut up and confined in a close room; but in the open air has certainly no pernicious effect, and the ridiculous tales of its deadly influence have no foundation.

Various experiments seem to show that this plant contains a volatile acid principle, readily dissipated by heat, a resinous substance, and a gummy or mucous principle.—The seeds contain a considerable quantity of fixed oil. The root as well as every part of the plant possesses very powerful antispasmodic powers, similar to those of *asafœtida*, and other fœtid gums. It has been highly recommended as a palliative in spasmodic asthma, and it is reputed to have effected very considerable relief, when other means had failed. Thirty or forty grains of the dried pulverized roots are recommended to be given during the paroxysm, and repeated as often as circumstances may require. After the fit has gone off it is necessary to persevere in the use of the medicine; its continuance is recommended till the patient is entirely cured. The practice is said to be imitated from that of some of the Indians (who call this plant *shoka*) in their treatment of this complaint.

Two tea-spoonfuls of the powdered root of this plant, given in spirits and water, have procured immediate relief in cases of violent hysteria, after the ordinary remedies for such affections, musk, and other antispasmodics had been ineffectually tried. On repeating the use of the medicine, it afforded more lasting relief than any other remedy had given. It has also afforded very considerable benefit in chronic rheumatism, in wandering spasmodic pains, and in whooping-cough, in chronic coughs of patients having a cold and phlegmatic habit.

The bruised leaves are frequently applied to ulcers and recent wounds, with very good effect. They are also used as an external application in cutaneous affections, and the expressed juice of the leaves is successfully applied to different species of herpes. Among the people in the country the leaves are com-

monly used to dress blisters, with the view of promoting their discharge; for this purpose they are slightly bruised, by being laid on a flat board, and having a rolling-pin passed a few times over them to reduce the projecting middle rib, nerves and veins, so as to enable every part of the leaf to come in contact with the surface of the blister. This plant is also strongly recommended in scurvey, as well as in all other diseases of the skin, in which the officinal wake-robin has been very highly extolled, and found useful.

As the active properties depend on a volatile principle, it is better to preserve it in well stopped bottles, cut up in slices, ready to pulverize when wanted. It is given in pills, or mixed with syrup, in doses of ten to forty grains, two or three times a day. Heat greatly impairs its virtues.—*Selected.*

#### CENSUS OF THE IROQUOIS.

*Extracts from the Report of Mr. Schoolcraft to the Legislature of New York, Oct. 31, 1845.*

A tropical climate, ample means of subsistence, and their consequence, a concentrated and fixed population, raised the ancient inhabitants of Mexico, and some other leading nations on the continent, to a state of ease and semi-civilization, which have commanded the surprise and admiration of historians.—But it may be said, in truth, that, in their fine physical type, and in their energy of character, and love of independence, no people, among the aboriginal race, has ever exceeded, any has ever equalled, the Iroquois.

Notes and sketches were taken down from the lips of both white and red men, wherever the matter itself and the trustworthiness of the individual appeared to justify them. Many of the ancient forts, barrows and general places of ancient sepulchre were visited, and of some of them, accurate plans, diagrams or sketches made on the spot, or obtained from other hands. A general interest was manifested in the subject by the citizens of western New-York, wherever it was introduced, and a most ready and obliging disposition evinced, on all hands, to promote the inquiry.

The present being the first time that a formal and full census of a nation or tribe of Indians has been called for, the measure presented a novel question to the Iroquois, and led to extended discussions.

They regarded it as the introduction of a Saxon feature into their institutions, which like a lever, by some process not apparent to them, was designed, in its ultimate effects, to uplift and overturn them. And no small degree of pith and irony was put forth against it by the eloquent respondents who stood in the official attitude of their ancient orators.—Everywhere the tribes exalted the question into one of national moment. Grave and dignified sachems assembled in formal coun-

cils, and indulged in long and fluent harangues to their people.

"Why," said the Tonewanda chief, Deonehogawa, (called John Blacksmith,) "why is this census asked for, when we are in a straitened position with respect to our reservation? Or if it is important to you or us, why was it not called for before? If you do not wish to obtain facts about our lands and cattle, to tax us, what is the object of the census? What is to be done with the information after you take it to Governor Wright, at Skenectati?"

Kaweaka, a Tuscarora chief of intelligence, speaking the English language very well, in which he is called William Mount-Pleasant, gave a proof in yielding promptly that he had not failed to profit by the use of letters.—"We know our own rights. Should the legislature attempt to tax us, our protection is in the Constitution of the United States, which forbids it." This is the first appeal, it is thought, ever made by an Iroquois to this instrument.

It cannot be said that the Iroquois cantons of New-York have, as yet, any productive commerce, arts or manufactures. But it is gratifying to know that they are at least able to live upon their own means; and their condition and improvement is (certainly within the era of the temperance movement among them,) decidedly progressive and encouraging. They have reached the point in industrial progress, where it is only necessary to go forward. Numbers of families are eminently entitled to the epithet of good practical farmers, and are living, year in and year out, in the midst of agricultural affluence. There would appear to be no inaptitude for mechanical ingenuity, hitherto: the proportion of their actual number who have embraced the arts, is comparatively, very limited, not exceeding, at most, two or three to a tribe, and the effort has hitherto been confined to silversmiths, blacksmiths, carpenters and coopers. A single instance of a wheelwright and fancy wagon maker occurs.

In cases where the cultivation of English grains and the raising of stock have thoroughly enlisted attention, the chase has long ceased to attract its ancient votaries, and in these instances, which embrace some entire bands, or chieftaincies, it has become precisely what it is in civilized communities, where game yet exists, an amusement, and not a means of reward.

That delusive means of Indian subsistence which is based on the receipt of money annuities from the government, still calls together annually, and sometimes oftener, the collective male population of these tribes, at an expense of time, and means, which is wholly disproportioned, both to the amount actually received, and the not unimportant incidental risks, moral and physical, incurred by the assemblage. Estimated at the highest rate which can be taken, the sum, per capita, of these annuities, will not on an average of



crops and prices, for a series of years, equal the cash value of seven bushels of wheat—a product, which, as a means of subsistence to the Indian family, would be of double or treble value. But this is far from being the worst effect of both the general and per capita cash distribution. Time and health are not only sacrificed to obtain the pittance, but he is fortunate who does not expend the amount in the outward or return journey from the council house, or in the purchase of some showy but valueless articles, while attending there.

A still further evil, flowing from these annual gatherings for the payment of Indian annuities, is the stimulus which it produces in assembling at such places traders and speculating dealers of various kinds, who are versed in this species of traffic, and who well know the weak points of the native character, and how best to profit by them. In effect, few of the annuitants reach their homes with a dime. Most of them have expended all, and lost their time in addition. Health is not unfrequently sacrificed by living on articles, or in a manner not customary at home. The intemperate are confirmed in intemperance; and the idle, foppish and gay, are only more enamoured of idleness, foppishness and pleasure. Perhaps nothing would better serve to advance and exalt them, as a people, than the application of these annuities to constitute a confederate school fund, under some compact or arrangement with the State, by which the latter should stipulate to extend the frame-work of the common school system over their reservations.

The condition of herdsmen is deemed by theorists and historians to be the first step in the progress from the hunter state. But we are in want of all evidence to show that there ever was, in America, a pastoral state. In the first place, the tribes had tamed no quadruped, even in the tropics, but the lama.—The bison was never under any subjection, nor a fleece ever gathered, as far as history tells us, from the Big-horn or Rocky Mountain sheep. The horse, the domestic cow, the hog and the common sheep, were brought over after the discovery; and the Iroquois, like most of their western brethren, have been very slow, all advantages considered, in raising them. They have, in fact, had no pastoral state, and they have only become herdsmen at the time that they took hold of the plough. The number of domestic animals now on their reservations, as shown by the tables, bears a full proportion to their other industrial fields of labor. It will be seen, that while horses, neat cattle and hogs are generally raised, sheep come in, at more mature periods of advance, and are found only on the largest and best cultivated farms. Sheep, trees, and cereales, become a test of their advance. With this stage, we generally find, too, the field esculents, as turnips, peas, &c., and also buckwheat. I have indicated, as a further proof of their advance as herdsmen and graziers, the number of acres

of meadow cut. The Iroquois cultivate no flax. They probably raise no rye, from the fact that their lands are better adapted to wheat and corn.

The potato was certainly indigenous. Sir Walter Raleigh, in his efforts at colonization, had it brought from Virginia, under the original name of *openawg*. But none of the North American tribes are known to have cultivated it. They dug it up, like other indigenous edible roots from the forest. But it has long been introduced into their villages and spread over the northern latitudes, far beyond the present limit of the *zea* maize.—Its cultivation is so easy and so similar to that of their favorite corn, and its yield so great, that it is remarkable it should not have received more general attention from all the tribes. In most cases, it is a mere item of horticulture, most families not planting over half an acre, often not more than a quarter of an acre, and yet more frequently none at all.

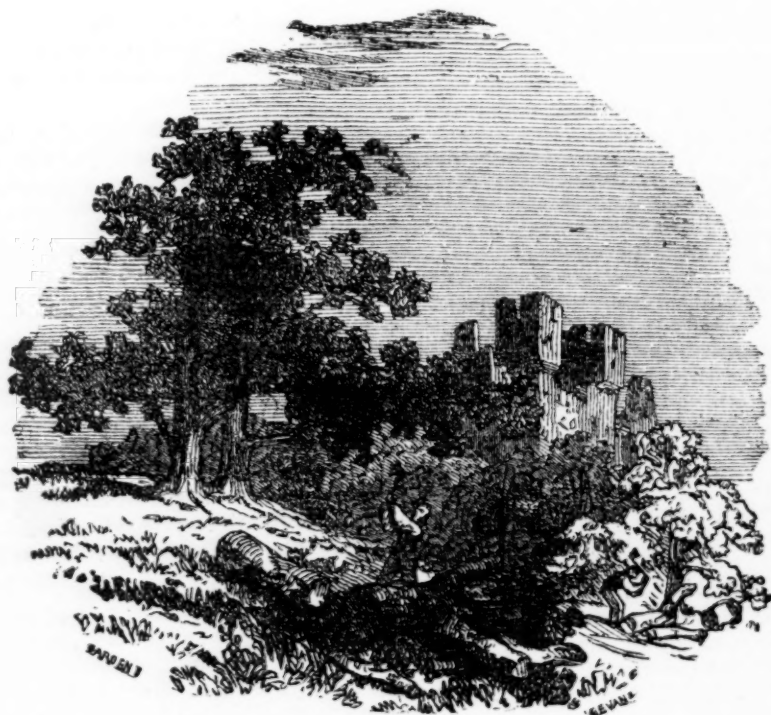
The apple is the Iroquois banana. From the earliest introduction of this fruit into New York and New France, from the genial plains of Holland and Normandy, these tribes appear to have been captivated by its taste, and they lost no time in transferring it, by sowing the seed, to the sites of their ancient castles.

The first effort of the Iroquois to advance from their original corn-field and garden of beans and vines, is connected with the letting out of their spare lands to white men who were cast on their frontiers, to cultivate, receiving for it some low remuneration in kind or otherwise, by way of rent. These receipts, I was informed, low as they are in amount, are generally paid in kind, or in such manner as often to diminish their value and effect, in contributing to the proper sustenance of the family.

Not a few persons amongst the Onondagas and Turcaroras, and the Tonewandas and other bands of Senecas, living in or contiguous to the principal wheat-growing counties, labor during the harvest season as reapers and cradlers, with skill and ability in those occupations, and receive good wages in cash.—There are a few engaged some parts of the year, as mariners on the lakes.

*To be continued.*

**CONESTOGA STEAM MILL.**—The Lancaster, (Pa.) Examiner says, the efforts which have for some time been making for the formation of a company to erect a large Steam Cotton Factory in that city have succeeded, and operations will be immediately commenced. Over \$100,000 have already been subscribed, and there is no doubt that as much more as may be found requisite can readily be obtained. It is proposed to erect a building 200 by 50 feet, of sufficient capacity for 8000 spindles and 200 looms, and to afford employment for about 300 operatives.



### ENGLISH SCENERY.

We naturally feel a peculiar interest in English scenery, all of us; and it is proper that we should: for England is the native country of the ancestors of most of us, and the land which has produced many of the best books and men in the world. England has also long been engaged in sustaining some of the principles most valuable to man; and is still more strongly connected with us by identity of interests, than by identity of language and of blood.

With English literature many of us are better acquainted than most Englishmen; and we feel, (those of us at least who are the deepest read in the best religious authors,) that we owe them much of what we enjoy. The rural poets of Great Britain have had much to do in cultivating our taste; and the peculiar features of the scenery in which they delighted are stamped on our imagination, in company with many agreeable associations. The castles and Gothic style, of which, in certain connections, we have more than once spoken in a more disparaging manner than fashion may approve, form indispensable parts in English landscapes, and there have a proper and a valuable character. We have disapproved of the false views of past and present times to which many romance-writers have made them subservient;

and we seriously believe, that the Gothic style of architecture is not only inconsistent with our habits, convenience and interest, but founded on false principles of taste, opposed to the ground-work of our religious and civil institutions.

Among the many allusions to the remains of feudal edifices made by British poets, none has introduced the subject in a passing manner, with more pleasing effect than Milton, in *L'Allegro*, or the *Cheerful Man*.

"Strait mine eye has caught new pleasures,  
As the landscape round it measures:  
Russet lawns and fallows gray,  
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;  
Mountains, on whose barren breast  
The lab'ring clouds do often rest,  
Meadows trim with daisies pied,  
Shallow brooks and rivers wide,  
Towers and battlements it sees,  
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,  
Where perhaps some beauty lies,  
The cynosure of neighboring eyes.

Hard by a cottage chimney smokes,  
From beneath two aged oaks,  
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met  
Are at their sav'ry dinner set,  
Of herbs and other country messes,  
Which the neat-handed Phyllis dresses."





## AN IGNORANT SCHOOL-MASTER.

Such there are, and they are capable of being great nuisances: but there are all grades of ignorance, and all degrees of knowledge too, except the highest. None of us know everything; indeed, few of us know much—very few of us—very few indeed. We have had much to do with schools and school-teachers, and would by no means wish to see poor ones. But the intellectual part may be greatly over-rated, and both the physical and the moral part of education are often placed far below their proper rank. Manners, as well as much knowledge, are important in a teacher: but good morals and good principles are incomparably more so—in our opinion.

One of the most important acquisitions to millions of parents in our country to-day is, to be able to distinguish between good and bad teachers. Shall we ever attain that ability? It would be more valuable to

those who have the opportunity to secure their services for their children, than the use of the divining rod, even if that could discover a mine of gold every week. There is nothing earthly so highly to be prized as our children: but how often do we find their best interests injured by the neglect, incompetency, evil instructions or bad examples of those to whose care we have committed them! But how can we judge of all the qualifications of a teacher, until we become learned ourselves? And how can we, if possessed of much knowledge, so far undervalue it as not to feel the importance, duty and pleasure of becoming to a degree, at least, the instructors of our children?

The above caricature represents one of the poorest kind of school-masters ever produced in our country, at least in intellectual qualifications and refinement of manners. Want of polish is written on his

countenance as well as in his attitude ; while a low standard of discipline, and state of society are indicated by the rod under his right arm, which he seems to cherish as his main dependance in enforcing discipline.— A single glance is sufficient to convince us, that such a man has been accustomed to a state of society of a very rude kind, and has most erroneous views of the nature and means of education. Yet we may rest assured of one thing, if he be an *American* school-master, however deficient or erroneous his views or practices in other respects, he has not a doubt of the truth of the Word of God, its paramount authority over the consciences of men, that its grand dictates are intelligible by every mind, that its instructions and its directions are, by unalienable right, the property of every person on earth, man, woman and child.— He has no doubt of the value of knowledge ; and what little he possesses he estimates highly, and is willing to communicate.— Indeed one great difficulty with him is, that he over-estimates it, and makes himself sometimes ridiculous by displaying it too much or too often.

But, if we may judge from his countenance, he is neither a fool nor a knave. On the contrary, we should expect to find him honest and kind-hearted ; and if we could follow him home, and look at him in domestic life, we might be almost sure to find evidences of a character to be respected, and perhaps admired. We speak from some observation, and knowledge of school-masters and mistresses too, and we can assure our readers that experience has taught us that it is a duty to look with much interest upon all who assume that important station.

“All is not gold that glitters”

is not more true than the proverb which applies to characters of an opposite description :

“Sweetest nut has sourest rind.”

We have many “poor school-masters,” that is incompetent ones : but yet they are better than most other countries can boast

of. If France had been as well supplied, M. Guizot would not have been forced to abandon his grand system of popular education for the want of teachers susceptible of improvement. Poor as they are, they are a thousand times more competent, for the grand objects of American education, and the perpetuity of our government and the Christian religion, than the most accomplished monk, nun, or Jesuit, who ever abandoned father and mother, changed his name, renounced his duties to his family and country, and set up his dictum in the place of the truth of God, as a guide to the consciences of men.

The following passage we extract from one of our own publications, “The Father’s Book,” by Theodore Dwight, Jr. :—

Every intelligent parent must be sensible that his own personal interest, and the good of his children, are closely connected with the flourishing condition of schools around him. They are nurseries of good order and public morals, and have a favorable influence on every thing valuable in society. Children are necessarily affected by the habits, manners, and opinions of those about them ; and after the few first years, it is impossible to confine them entirely to the family circle. The more exalted and pure the tone of society, then, the more favorable will it be to our children, and to our exertions for their benefit. It has been remarked, that if all parents were as wise and good as they should be, schools would not be needed : while, however, *they* are generally so far from being good instructors of their children, schools must continue to be institutions of prime necessity. On this subject no parent can remain indifferent, without neglecting what is of great importance to himself and his family, as well as to the community around him.

But schools, that they may do much good, must be well managed ; and this they cannot be by vicious or incompetent teachers. One of the poorest pieces of economy practised in our country, but one of the most common, is the payment of insufficient wages to teachers. It prevents them from devoting proper attention to their business. A bad plan of instruction, or improper treatment, often disgusts children with learning, discourages them, or excites bad passions ; and the evil consequences may long be felt.



### MISSISSIPPI—SAINT ANTHONY'S FALLS—LAKES—INDIANS.

I have washed myself in the Mississippi above the Falls of St. Anthony, and sit down to give a *general view* of this remote but interesting region.

After steaming down the Ohio to its mouth, and up the Mississippi some three hundred miles, I was taken by the steamboat War Eagle, with flourish of trumpets and colors flying, having on board a goodly number of passengers of both sexes, bound on a pleasure excursion from St. Louis to the Falls of St. Anthony.

Rock Island, where I commenced this voyage, and round about, is a lovely region; the present cultivation gives an earnest of plenty, and the richness of the soil, salubrity of climate, and extensive water power, of a prosperous and dense population for the future. Those who emulate the least lovely characteristic of Izaak Walton, will here find ample scope, it being the very scene of good fishing.

We proceeded to the mining region in the north part of Illinois, and time was afforded for the examination of the mines, smelting furnaces, and the busy town of Galena. Here the influx of persons seeking gratification in the same way, was so great, that the steamboat Time was chartered, and lashed alongside, and we passed the north line of Illinois with one hundred and fifteen passengers. Thus we proceeded to Prairie du Chien just above the mouth of the Wisconsin river, and visited Fort Crawford, the town, and other objects of interest. Next morning we entered lake Pekin, a grand sheet of water, about twenty-five miles long, three to five wide, and so deep that the Mississippi, passing through it, makes no perceptible current. The view is unobstructed by islands, though, on each shore, the tall cliffs, ever varying from the beautiful to the grand, rise in endless variety from the very edge of the water.

At the entrance of the lake, the boats were separated for a trial of speed, and the calm stillness of the placid lake was made to reverberate with the shouts of excited crews, and lashed into ridges by the fierce contention for superiority.

The boats were again joined, and, after leaving lake Pekin some twenty or thirty miles behind us, we entered the St. Croix river and sailed to the head of lake St. Croix about twenty miles. This is a more lovely lake than the former, being not so wide and the bluffs much lower. It is easy to perceive that this region, notwithstanding its high northern latitude, will, on account of the fertility of the soil, its surpassing beauty and many advantages, soon attract emigration. Returning through this lake, we ascended the Mississippi to a large Indian village, called the Crow Village, containing about 300 Sioux. Boats so rarely stop here, that, when we made demonstration of landing, it excited surprise, and they poured in from the hills and

cliffs in great numbers, arranging themselves on the bank. A large portion seemed to be women and children. The abrupt feeling of intimidation, which seemed to last but for a moment, subsided when the two races mingled harmoniously together; it was a grotesque and most interesting scene. The entrance to the wigwams were closed; but they allowed us to enter and examine the interior of two or three of them. The fireplace is in the centre, and a range of bunks about five feet wide, and elevated about three feet, are made round it, and mostly covered with skins, on which they sit and sleep; and placed in the corners and hung promiscuously about, are seen their various implements and utensils, many of which I could not comprehend the use of.

Our attention, before reaching the shore, had been attracted to a range of various colored objects elevated about six feet on poles extending from tree to tree on the bluff back of the village, ascending the hill, which is some two to three hundred feet high. We found this was their Cemetery and the different colors to be boxes, parts of canoes and other coffins, covered with red, blue, and other cloths, each containing a dead body; there were thirteen of these, arranged and ornamented according to the taste of these simple people. I observed on one, evidently of adult size, simply an ornamented Indian cradle. It is said the bodies are kept thus about a year, and then place on the ground and a roof erected over them, in the manner we saw near by.

Returning from the graves, we witnessed a most lively scene; a lady had procured shreds of high colored cloths, beads, and perhaps other trinkets, which she was distributing to the many children; this caused them to collect around her in such numbers that she threw them into the crowd, and in the scramble, feats of agility were performed quite surprising; the exulting ones were most amusing—they followed us near to the stern of the boat, when some one threw several packs of cards among them, which the wind separated and wafted about in every direction: the next throw of cards was so near the water, that many were wafted into it; nothing daunted, they plunged in, and with noisy glee, secured them amid the shouts of merriment. I regret we had not more time to examine the modes and customs of this interesting people.

We landed in the mouth of the St. Peters, under the frowning battlements of Fort Snelling, proudly situated on a high bluff, which comes to a point at the junction of the St. Peter's with the Mississippi some seven miles below the Falls of St. Anthony. Our party proceeded by land to the Falls, conveyances being extremely limited. I went on foot, the whole distance being over the smooth and apparently boundless prairie. Some who expected to see "Niagara out niagaraed" were disappointed, but from what I heard I was

agreeably so. The river, which appears smaller than one would expect, passes over rapids, about half a mile above, and so far as can be seen below, causing a very swift current, which, obstructed by rocks, gives it a whirling and rough appearance. The Falls are of an irregular circular form, and excepting that there is a small rocky island, about one fourth of the distance from the eastern bank, near which vast masses of rocks are piled up promiscuously, giving an exceedingly rugged appearance to the scene, the whole Mississippi falls in irregular depths about twenty feet perpendicular, boiling and foaming into the gulf below. The scenery about the Falls is quite varied, from the perpendicular rocky precipice of some two hundred feet high, to the smooth undulating prairie, pine and other forest trees marking the water courses. We found clear and limpid streams of pure water gushing from the banks, which may be enjoyed in the cool shade, in full view of the Mississippi, leaping, foaming, and whirling past in a continual roar.

Returning, we visited "Little Falls," about two miles from the first, on a stream which enters into the Missouri, and forms the outlet to several lakes. This is a most lovely cascade; its compactness and extreme regularity give it the appearance of being a work of art—it is circular, the outside of the circle extending up the stream. From the surface of the water below the falls, a smooth rock, extending quite across from each bank, rises nearly perpendicular about forty feet, when it recedes back probably ten or fifteen feet in about the same height. There it is regularly rounded, and advances about ten or fifteen feet in height, a few feet past the perpendicular base, to a level surface; over this, the water in a stream, thinner at the edges and deepening towards the centre, pours its everlasting current, forming a cascade of about seventy feet, perpendicular, leaping so entirely clear of any part of the rocky structure which upholds it, that a person could walk behind and fear nothing but the spray which rises from the concussion below.

To sit on the bank about half way down, in view of the varying shades of the descending mass, and in the clear light, to observe the ever changing shades of the surface and edges of the water, as it descends into the gulf below, is inexpressibly charming, and the effect is heightened by contrast with the great falls, which are huge, rough, and rugged, compared to this which is small, compact, and beautiful.

The view from the boat, where I am now writing, is as varied as can well be supposed. Two mighty rivers mingling their currents and forming uninterrupted inland navigation thence, of more than two thousand miles, extending through 16° of latitude; the perpendicular and rocky cliffs rising in rugged grandeur from the very edge of the water for perhaps one or two hundred feet, and then

gently receding by a gracefully rounded gentle slope, and smooth grassy surface, until it blends with the prairie at its top; the low willow island, sitting like a coronet upon the father of waters—the level alluvion, raised but a few feet above the surface of the stream, extending from a few rods to a mile in width to the bluffs, rising in all imaginable shapes, diversified sometimes with forest trees in which the pine is conspicuous, but more commonly ending in the smooth prairie, broken by vallies, whence tributary streams swell the passing current; the improvement going on by civilized man, the steam palace, containing the giant power by which civilization is advancing to these remote regions—there a cluster of Indian tents and wigwams across the river a village called Mendota (meeting of the waters) containing the rude cabin of the pioneer, the mixed architecture of the half breeds, and the modern looking mansion, while on the point above us, the fort, with its towers and frowning apertures as if conscious of its strength—all these things made the scene at once grand and imposing. Nor less striking are the men and women who inhabit this far off region. Here the proud Saxon with his invoices and his bills of lading, overreaching himself in his attempt upon others; here, in the shade of the warehouse, lazily reclining, are a group of negroes; just below, a knot of Indian women timid of a nearer approach, and Indian men and women in their blankets and parti-colored dresses; close by a band of officers of the fort and citizens conversing; off in some pleasant spot, many single couples of our party, lovers probably, promenading, courting seclusion and possibly one another, while nearer, are a motley collection of all sorts, indiscriminately mixed, standing, sitting, lounging and walking, yelling, jabbering, and talking, in an indefinite number of languages.

There is lake Calhoun, an extensive cave, and many other other points of attraction in this northern region, which, as civilization advances, will become the resort of persons wishing to evade the lassitude and heat of a hotter clime.—*Western Paper.*

#### THE CANARY BIRD.

This beautiful little bird, which is reared in our climate with such anxious care, and is so much admired for the delicacy of its plumage and the sweetness of its note, is a native of the islands from which it derives its present name, although, from its feeding on the sugarcane, it was first called "the sugar bird." It was not known in Europe until the latter end of the sixteenth century, and was first described by Aldrovandi, in 1610, when it was so scarce and costly, that it could only be procured by people of fortune.

The canary was first bred in Europe, early in the seventeenth century. A vessel bound for Leghorn, on board of which were many of these birds, was wrecked on the coast of



Elba; where, being thus set at liberty, they soon multiplied, and would no doubt have become naturalized in that favorable climate, had not the price they commanded induced the inhabitants to lay snares for them, and to pursue them with such eagerness that the original breed was soon lost to the island.

Such was the value attached to those little songsters, that the Spaniards endeavored to secure a monopoly to the trade of supplying Europe with them; and with that view enacted several regulations respecting their exportation.—These, at that period, had the desired effect entirely, and for a long time impeded their propagation in any other place; but at present they are bred, both for profit and amusement, in this country and in almost all parts of Europe. This employment is, however, more common in Germany, and particularly throughout the Tyrol, than elsewhere. At Imst, near Inspruck, a company is established, which employs agents to purchase the young birds from the breeders, and afterwards sends them for sale, not only to every part of Germany, but to Russia, and even to Constantinople. Large numbers are annually imported into this country; and, although the expense of so long a journey must considerably enhance the original cost, they are sometimes sold at an extremely low price, those, however, which are taught to sing particular tunes, often fetch considerable sums.—*Selected.*

### MISCELLANEOUS.

#### A Visit to Pozzuoli—the ancient Puteoli.

BY REV. J. T. HEADLEY.

This town has figured considerably in Roman history. It was formerly the port of Cunnæ, and was one of those towns Fabius fortified during the second Punic War to resist the encroachments of Hannibal. It has several interesting ruins, but the chief one is the temple of Jupiter Serapis, buried by an earthquake, and accidentally discovered by a peasant about a hundred years ago. It was 134 feet long by 115 feet wide, being quadrangular. It is a magnificent ruin. The floor is covered with precious marble, with which also the whole edifice was formerly lined. Two rings of Corinthian brass are still fastened in the floor, to which the victims destined for slaughter were bound; and near by stands the receptacle for the blood and ashes. Only three columns of this noble temple are left standing, but these are each a single solid piece of Cippolino. This is the temple Dr. Lyell referred to in his Lectures on Geology in New York, illustrating the gradual elevation and sinking of some portions of the earth. When he was here, he said, the floor of this temple was nearly dry, while the depth to which it had once been sunk was clearly visible on the columns.—Nearly half way up they are corroded and eaten in by the shell-fish, and other marine animals that once floated in their native ele-

ment around it. The whole temple is now sinking again; and since Dr. Lyell was here it has gone down nearly a foot, so that the floor presents a pond of water, in which fish were sporting. These three lordly Cippolino columns still stand as the temple goes down, showing to the beholder the depth to which they have once sunk and may go again.—Their effect is enhanced when one remembers that they are never motionless, but, silent and lonely, rise and fall slowly on the bosom of the temple while the ages roll by. This singular geological fact seems true of this whole coast. The same depression of the land or encroachment of the sea is visible at Baiæ; and even fifty miles farther on, at Nola, where Cicero had a villa, the same thing was pointed out to me. Forty or fifty rods from shore were the foundations of a large and splendid building, over which the Mediterranean now heaves its waters. Whether this whole country floats on a sea of fire, and slowly rises and falls on its immense tides, or some other power is at work to produce the phenomenon, it is certainly not among the firmest portions of terra firma.

Solfatara, the crater of an extinct volcano, just above this temple, still smokes in several parts; and when Vesuvius—more than twenty miles distant—is quiet, it is thrown into great agitation, and smokes and sputters away like a mad creature. When on the contrary, Vesuvius is active, it rests calm and quiet as if it had nothing to do,—as if a power greater than itself was sustaining the reputation of the country. They seem connected by some fiery channel underneath; and always when walking over this region I felt as if the crust was but a few feet thick under me, and might at any moment break like rotten ice and let me down. Earthquakes and Volcanoes seem to have chosen this delightful spot from love of contrast, and now and then darken its beauty and roll into ruin its plains and cities by way of pastime. Wild revellers indeed they are; and when they choose to sport, man's pastimes are over. This is a beautiful country; but, when I remember its under ground fires, the sunlight on it seems like the hectic flush on the cheek of Consumption.

#### ATTENTION TO ORCHARDS.

*Clean out your orchards.* Let no branches be scattered around. If in crops, let the tillage be thorough and clean. In plowing near the tree be careful not to strike deep enough to lacerate the small roots and fibres. An orchard should be tended with a *cultivator* rather than a plough, and the space immediately about the tree should be worked with a hoe. Look to the fence corners, and grub out all bushes, briars and weeds. A fine orchard with such a ruffe around it, is like a handsome woman with dirty ears and neck. †

*Pruning may still be reformed.* Those who are raising young orchards ought not to

prune at any particular time between May and August, but *all along* the season, as the tree needs it. If a bad branch is forming, take it out while it is small; if too many are starting, rub them out while so tender as to be managed without a knife and by the fingers. If an orchard is rightly educated from the first, there will seldom be a limb to be cut off larger than a little finger, and a pen-knife will be large enough for pruning. In the west there is more danger of pruning too much, than too little. The sun should never be allowed to strike the inside branches of a fruit tree. Many trees are thus very much weakened and even killed if the sun is violently warm. Over-pruning induces the growth of shoots at the root, along the trunk, and all along the branches.

*Grub up suckers*, and clear off from large and well established trees all side-shoots.—But young trees are much assisted in every respect, except appearance, by letting brush grow the whole length of their stem, only pinching off the whips, if they grow too rampantly. In this way the leaves afford great strength to the trunk, and prevent its being spindling or weak-fibred.

*Scour off the dead bark*, which, besides being unsightly, is a harbor for a great variety of insects, and affords numerous crevices for water to stand in. We have, already, in a former number, recommended soft soap, thinned with urine to the consistence of paint, as a wash for trees; we have seen nothing better.

*Examine grafts* if any have been put in. See if the wax excludes the air entirely; rub out all shoots which threaten to overgrow and exhaust the graft; if it is growing too strongly, it must be supported, or will blow out in some high wind.

*Look out for blights*.—Late frosts have their effects in dry leaves hanging on the tips of the branches. Those who have shown the affection may be expected to continue to break out through the season. It is all important to use the knife freely; for although there is no contagion from tree to tree, yet the diseased sap will, in the same tree, be conveyed from part to part over the whole fabric. But prompt pruning will remove the seat and source of the evil. Where a branch is affected, cut chips out of the bark along down for yards; indeed, examine the limb entirely home to the trunk, and you may easily detect any spots which are depositories of this diseased sap, which by its color, and whole appearance, will be identified by the most unpracticed eye. Cut everything, a-low and aloft, that has this teulent sap in it, even if you take off the whole head by the trunk, and leave only the stump; for the stump may send new shoots; but if the tree is spared from false tenderness, you will lose it, bough, trunk and root.—*Indiana Farmer*.

**A LARGE OURANG OUTANG.**—From the Luminary, published at Liberia. An account from the pen of Rev. Mr. Richards, of an enormous ourang outang, that had been playing off some pranks in the neighborhood of the Mount Andrew Mission, and was at length shot. He measured between five and six feet in height.

“Tuesday before last a man went to cut some timber for his new house; and by some means disturbing the ourang, he sallied forth upon him very angrily, obliging the poor fellow to leave his axe and cloth, and swim the lake to save his life; which his hard swimming liked to have cost him any how. Last Wednesday morning, another man was chased over a hundred yards by the beast, which, holding a club in his mouth, came very near overtaking the poor fellow. The same afternoon, another man was made to leave his rafters in the woods and fly, and running over a stump hurt himself very much.

On Friday last, he took possession of an old woman's farm where he remained all day. That week I heard of the death of Mr. George Crawford, and was advised to go down to Monrovia, and settle some business. I hired three men; one carried my clothes, another some rice and provisions, and the third was to help me over the water. Little Jones who followed me to the rivulet, May, went on before. The rivulet was swollen very much; to over 60 feet wide, jumping and roaring tremendously.—Little Jones must be at something, so he jumped in and swam to the cork-wood, which the waters had left. On reaching the raft, and trying to get on it, who should speak to him from a tree close by, but Mr. Ourang Outang. The little fellow just fell into the water and in a few moments was standing, with a sharp eye and restless foot, in the rear of me.

I could not see the creature, and was indulging in a hearty laugh at little Jones, who had no laugh in him. I imitated the Ourang, and made other noises to make him go off, thinking if he did start that way, I would hear him coming. In the midst of my glee, who should suddenly appear within a few yards of me, unperceived till he made his tremendous ‘Whoo, Whoo, Whoo,’ but a huge Ourang Outang, looking to be some six feet high; with a broad thick breast, athletic arms, and a white face. For let those remember who Ourang Outang us, that a large majority of these animals have white, and not black faces.



I have seen several of them after they were shot, and others alive, that they were almost all white, hairy faced fellows. I do not intend to say by this that the white man is the intermediate link between us and the lower animals, but only that there are white-faced Ourang Outangs.

Of course I had but little time for ceremony.—True, I had in my hand a spear, and a Barlean cap on my head, for Dr. Lugenbeel; but I did not start from home that morning for war, and doubted the use of the spear, with success, on such a giant.—Had you been there to hear me run, you would hardly have thought me just then a lame man. I assure you, I got over the muddy, slippery path to the best of my ability. As for little Jones, it would be useless to undertake to describe his velocity. I did get a glimpse of the border of his shirt. We met our men, who ran our pursuer into the woods. On Sabbath, he visited a town about three miles from here. All the people save some old women were harvesting rice in the fields. The old woman fled, and the Ourang Outang, after eating all the plantains he saw, went into the woods."

#### A STORM AT GENOA.

The wall rises thirty or forty feet from the sea, and from its top the houses go up fifty and sixty feet higher, and yet the spray and foam would often rise and shoot clean over the roofs of the houses, and be carried by the wind far into the city. The moles that form the harbor, with the sea breaking over them, looked more like snow drifts, with the snow shooting in horizontal lines from their summits. The two light-houses on them, were half the time merely lofty pyramids of foam, lantern and all buried under the leaping wave. The flag ship, Columbus, parted two of her cables in one night, although lying snugly in port. One ship parted her anchor, and came dashing against the walls of the city. Her masts fell at the first shock, and in the morning I saw her hull shivered into mere splinters, and her broken spars knocking with every swell against the base of the wall. The oldest officers of our navy, who have been on almost every coast in the world, tell me that they never saw so magnificent a spectacle in all their sea life. The waves no longer rolled, but *ran*, as if they had no time to form high seas, and when they struck the city they sprang, as if without weight, into the air, and threatened to overleap it. One of the moles was broken through, and the walls of the city in one place demolished, as if the cannon of an enemy had made a breach. As I stood on a projecting point, clinging to the low parapet, and watched the billow as it drove in, till, disappearing below, it struck

against the base of the wall on which I stood, and rose like an arch over my head, drenching me in its passage, I had the most vivid conceptions of awful power I ever experienced. It was not an angry sea, but a sea run wild, crazy, and dashing in reckless energy against the barriers that dared to oppose it. The continuous roar heard in every part of the city at midnight, when all was asleep save the raving sea, was indescribably awful. But one vessel appeared on the horizon during the whole time—the sea had it all its own way. This was an English vessel, bound from Marseilles to Leghorn, but driven by the gale seventy-five miles up the gulf. I watched her as she drew near the port, driving under bare poles, and hung out her pilot flag. The silent request was a vain one, for a boat could not live a moment in that sea. On she surged, till near the mouth of the harbor, when she was laid to, as the captain feared to attempt the entrance in such a tempest, and alone. But he could not carry a rag of canvass, and the vessel drove on stern first towards the city. I could fancy the short consultation held on board, whether it were best to endeavor to make the port, or hold on outside. It did not take long to decide; for in a few minutes the noble bark slowly wheeled on the sea, and without a sail up, and with her tall masts reeling in the storm, she headed straight for the city. An involuntary cheer burst from my lips, as I saw her roll into port. Her bow had almost an intelligent look as it appeared around the end of the mole, fairly in sight of the haven. It was nobly, gallantly done.

But to the priests. The storm raged for three days, and on the fourth, the bishop with the priests went in solemn procession to the Cathedral, and took from thence the ashes of John the Baptist (which they pretend are entombed there), and marched to the seashore, where, kneeling in presence of the waves, they offered up their prayers that heaven would allay the tempest. This was in the afternoon; towards evening the wind wheeled in the north, and the storm was over. Here was a veritable miracle, and I was curious to know how much it had imposed on the people. So I began in the morning with Antonio. "Well," said I, very seriously, "Antonio, there was quite a miracle performed last night—we ought to be very thankful that the priests have been able to check this storm for us." He shrugged his shoulders, burst into a laugh, and said, "Why didn't they pray sooner, before the mischief was all done, and not wait three days. Ah, they know that storms in this country never last more than four days, and they saw the wind was changing before they started." I did not expect so plump a confession of humbuggery by a Catholic servant. I made a similar remark to a gentleman of wealth, who replied, "Umph, they watched the barometer, and were careful not to start till they saw it rising."—*Headley's Italy.*

## POETRY.

## DON'T BE IMPATIENT.

Don't be impatient—  
 Wait—wait—wait;—  
 Than plunge into sorrow  
 You would better be late:  
     By striving,  
     And driving,  
 The mark is not hit:  
     'Tis wiser to grope,  
     And feel for a rope  
 Than fall in the pit.

Don't be impatient—  
 Stop and think;  
 Better have cool moments'  
 On Despondency's brink,  
     Than leaping,  
     And keeping  
 In water that's hot:  
     'Tis wisdom to go  
     On surely and slow,  
 Content with your lot.

Don't be impatient—  
 Wait and win;  
 The last foe approaches,  
 And the last monster-sin:  
     Pursuing,  
     And doing,  
 With a firm, steady eye,  
     And a heart that's true,  
     You'll dare and you'll do  
 And bring glory nigh.

Don't be impatient—  
 Wait—be still;  
 Loud voice and great bluster  
 Are nothing but zeal;  
     They're louder  
     And prouder  
 Than wisdom and strength;  
     They rise—but alas!  
     Bring nothing to pass,  
 And perish at length.

Don't be impatient—  
 Wait—wait—wait;—  
 Than plunge into sorrow  
 You would better be late:  
     By racing,  
     And chasing,  
 You soon lose your ground:  
     Be patient and still—  
     In good time you will  
 With wisdom be found.—D. C. C.  
*Country Paper.*

*Wheat on Lake Michigan.*—A letter from Buffalo gives, as the general estimate, the quantity of 1,000,000 bushels of wheat at one point of Lake Michigan, ready to ship; and there are probably over 2,000,000 bushels—over three hundred cargoes—to come forward from that Lake this spring.

*Solution of Enigma No. 4, in Am. Penny Mag. No. 12, p. 192.*—ALEXANDER HAMILTON: Ox, Milton, Don, Medina, Ant, Noah, Homer, Latimer.

*For the American Penny Magazine.*

## ENIGMA No. 5.

I am composed of 13 letters.

My 8, 6, 10, 9 is one of the largest rivers in the world.

My 19, 9, 13, 5 is a portion of the ecclesiastical year.

My 12, 1, 6, 2 is a state in America.

My 10, 12, 6, 3, 9 is a river in the southern part of Europe.

My 11, 7, 10, 2, 13 is a distinguished legislator.

My 1, 12, 3, 8 is a cape in America.

My 4, 13, 11, 2, 7, 11 is an archipelago in the Pacific Ocean.

My whole is a celebrated naval commander.  
 JUVENIS.

## RECEIPT.

*Twist Candy.*—To three pounds of loaf sugar put half a pint of water; set it over a slow fire for half an hour; then add to it a teaspoonful of gum Arabic, dissolved, and a tablespoonful of vinegar. When boiled to candy, bright and clear, take it off. Flavor with vanilla, rose, lemon, or orange.

Rub the hands over with a piece of sweet butter, and pull it until it is white; then make it in rolls, and twist or braid it; then cut it in lengths.

*Some of our subscribers* have given us no notice of their wish to receive the second volume, or to stop their subscriptions, so that we are in doubt. Not wishing to burthen any with our magazine or the postage, we shall cease sending it to some of those whose terms expired with the first volume, but shall be happy to commence again if it be their wish.—We can always supply back numbers, as the work is stereotyped.

## THE AMERICAN PENNY MAGAZINE

AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER,

With numerous Engravings.

Edited by Theodore Dwight, Jr.

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